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THE WORLD TRAIL OF THE BOY SCOUT

A Scout Picture from China. "Keep Smiling"

IT was a grand afternoon for the football match, and the game was fast and furious. But the young captain of the soccer team was visibly nettled. A forward had just muffed a shot at an open goal and a half-back had funked tackling a big, fast forward of the opposing team, while one or two of the opponents had run perilously near to fouling. So his nerve had got rattled.

His team were all, like himself, boys at a world-famous missionary college in China. One of the English masters, a Christian missionary, was watching the game; he was also the Scoutmaster of the troop in which the Chinese boy was a Scout of some standing, and he saw the boy fast losing his temper. Suddenly, in a momentary lull in the game, the master from touch whistled the refrain of the Scout Call.

In a flash the Chinese boy-captain realized the childishness of his attitude and recovered himself. His face broke into its old customary smile. With a laugh he rallied his side and swung forward with them. They won the match.

Not many weeks later, the moon shone down upon a group of tents and bivouacs pitched beside the waters of a Chinese bay. A breath of wind was stirring, still strong enough to turn to dancing diamonds the rippling wavelets that played on the surface of the sea.

Beneath the shelter of their home-made cotton bivouac, a

patrol of Chinese Scouts from that same college were lying, glad enough to stretch their tired limbs after a hard day's work. For there had been plenty to do : cooking, a bathe, semaphore practice, a lesson in oarsmanship, a relay race practice, and a football game to finish up with—they felt they had earned their rest.

There was a sound of footsteps outside, coming nearer and nearer. In a moment or two they ceased as a figure halted at the tent opening. A man crept in, very quietly, and deposited a parcel of letters and papers on the ground. It was the English mail, for which the Scoutmaster had just made a journey to the town two miles away. Noiselessly he began to undress in the dark, and was just wondering where on earth his pyjamas had got to in his kit, when a noise like a muffled giggle from the far end of the bivouac attracted his attention.

" Hullo ! who's that still awake at this time o' night ? " he asked, for it was after ten o'clock.

" I am," half a dozen voices replied together. " If you want the light on, sir, don't mind *us* ! "

" Not asleep yet ! How's that ? "

" We've been waiting till you came back to have our ' lights-out ' prayer, sir," said Cheng Man-Hung, the patrol leader. " Isn't that so, you chaps ? "

" Yes," rose a chorus of replies, though some of them were pretty sleepy. " We thought we'd finish the day as we usually do, all together, sir," said Woo-Ming, who slept next to the missionary's place.

" Right you are," said the Scoutmaster, " we'll carry on then, straight away."

So they knelt up and together said : " Our Father, which art in Heaven," though you would not have recognized the words, as they were in Chinese. Then, after a word of thanksgiving for the great days they were having in camp, and a moment of silence, eight very sleepy figures rolled themselves round in

their blankets, and in a minute or two the missionary could hear nothing but a rhythmic snore from Ah-Tuck, the fat boy of the party, and the lazy lapping of the waves on the shore close by.

But he didn't go to sleep just yet. He was thinking hard. The mail had brought him not only letters but also a cable with bad news from home. His father had been taken dangerously ill, and there was small hope of his recovery. . . . Coming along the track from the town, between the dykes where the rushes whispered their secrets to each other, he had felt as homesick as a man could be. Six thousand miles is a long way from England; and he had thought of the English home where perhaps already the blinds were drawn and the house darkened by grief. It would be hard to keep smiling, though he determined that it shouldn't spoil his work in camp.

But now as he lay awake, thinking quietly, he felt utterly sure that he didn't want to be anywhere else than there, among those sleeping figures. Proud as he had been of his scout troop in the Surrey village, he was prouder still of this Chinese troop. There was Lum-Tung of the wolves, who had already won badges for interpreter, ambulance, musician (with the fife), electrician, engineer, and airman, and had passed the tests jolly well, too. One day Lum-Tung would be one of the biggest business men in the city, the missionary was sure of that. Then there was Cheng Man-Hung who had shown himself a perfect marvel as patrol leader; he seemed born to win the confidence of others. "I'll guarantee Cheng Man-Hung will be a great statesman one day, and China needs some good men as leaders," he had thought to himself, more than once. And so he ran on, through the list. But he wasn't thinking only of their badges and their smartness. They were all of them growing genuinely worthy of the Chinese Scout badge, with its threefold watchword of "Wisdom, Kindness, and Courage," though sometimes they funked and sometimes they failed to do an obvious good turn, and sometimes they

made fools of themselves—as Scouts anywhere may be liable to do.

But to-night, he knew for certain that they had gripped for themselves the one fact that he wanted to teach them more than anything else—that the thing that mattered most in life was the knowledge of Him Who had given them life, the knowledge of God as their Friend. China wanted sound leaders and big men and brainy men. But most of all she wanted Christian men ; and now he began to see the signs of the making of them. It had been worth while, after all, to come on that long trail of six thousand miles. He felt now that he could " keep smiling " and carry on.

Before long he was snoring too, in a gentle duet with Ah-Tuck ; but every one else was too tired to protest. Slumber reigned supreme.

A Scout Picture from Africa : a Trek with a Purpose

IT is a Saturday morning, and a group of African Scouts are standing, chattering like magpies round the gates of the mission school at Lagos, in Nigeria. Every one is carrying a bundle containing his sleeping-mat and sleeping-cloth, and some are burdened with packages of yams, palm oil, pepper, meat, and other foods. They are just off for a week-end camp in the village of Ishagga, some miles from Lagos.

There is a " Honk ! honk ! " round the corner, and a motor rolls up to the school gates. The first part of the journey is made on wheels ; for the heat is terrific, and the hours of daylight are not too long in which marching can be done. After a few miles by road we will take to our feet and follow the scout troop through the jungle. It is hot work, but they keep their spirits up with song and joke as they trudge along the path, keeping a sharp look-out for any new birds

or trees by the wayside ; for some of the Scouts are trying to pick up a bit of extra training for their naturalist's badge.

Now and then a monkey comes leaping through the trees, to answer the call of a mate—or rather to find that the cry came from a human monkey, for the African boy is a wonderful mimic, and the African monkey is a sociable beast. Sometimes a clump of bamboos is passed, and there is a rush to cut a new walking stick. Perhaps we stop and look at a giant ant-heap, as high as a man, with millions of ants working away in the dark inside it. The Scoutmaster, who is a missionary, will tell us how a great crate, full of school slates, was standing in the mission bookshop at Lagos, and how, when he went to open it one day, the whole lot of wooden frames fell to pieces like so much powder, leaving only the slate-centres ; for the white ants had been at their mischief again.

The day wears on, and after midday rest and a further march, we find ourselves at the entrance to the village of Ishagga. But what is this queer figure, carved in wood under the thatched roof at the side of the road ? It is a devil shrine that we are looking at ; and the offerings of vegetables and fruit in front of it have been placed there to keep the devil in a good temper, lest he should smite the village with disease or famine.

Then are the people all non-Christians here ? No, not all, as you will see. For in a few minutes, when our arrival is known, the houses are emptied and out swarm the people. Some of them are Christians, and they are going to welcome us into their houses for the night. Glad enough we are, too, to get rid of our burdens.

The Scouts cook their own food, and after a wash we settle down to a good feed. Trekking gives one as keen an appetite in Africa as in England !

It is quite a large congregation that gathers in the village church next day, for there is a " Scouts' Own " joined to the congregation of Christian Africans. The hymns go better, and

the singing is louder, and the non-Christians who are watching begin to wish that they could worship with that cheery crowd, instead of paying their offerings to the idol shrine.

When the time comes for the Scripture reading, one of the older Scouts holds up a large Bible picture and explains the story to those who are looking on. For these African boys are not a bit ashamed of being Christians. Why should they be? Their grandfathers can still remember hearing stories of the times when the dreaded slave-raiders came creeping in their ships along the inlets of the great lagoons round Lagos; and fearful are the stories of cruelty they have to tell from those dark days. But it was the *Christian* statesmen of England who said: "This cursed thing *shall* stop!" And the chains of African bondsmen were broken for ever by those who believed that Christ loved Africans as well as Englishmen. These Scouts haven't forgotten those stories yet.

Besides, a Christian is a friend to all; and what better gift can he pass on than the knowledge that God is not an angry spirit which must be petted and pampered with gifts of flowers and fruit, but a Father Who loves men and longs only for their happiness?

This is what the African boys of Lagos have learned from the missionaries. That's why, when the troop goes out on trek to the villages of Nigeria, they are so keen about their "Scouts' Own." And you wouldn't

A Greeting from Overseas

find a cheerier set of Scouts anywhere! The cub in our picture is sending you his greeting in a "smile that won't come off."

A Scout Picture from India: Training for Citizenship

IT was a sultry afternoon, and the sun was beating down as only an Indian sun can do, on the roof of a school class-room, where a group of Indian boys were working at their lessons. Some of them were feeling sleepy, and the master himself was inclined to wish that school was over. He looked up from his desk. One of the boys, whose seat was by the window, had got his eyes off his books and fixed intently on something in the distance.

"Get on with your work, Gopal," said the master. "What are you gazing at?"

"I'm sorry, sir," was the answer, "but I can't make out what's happening over there in the village. It looks to me as if there were a fire or something; I can see a cloud of smoke, and I'm sure it isn't just imagination."

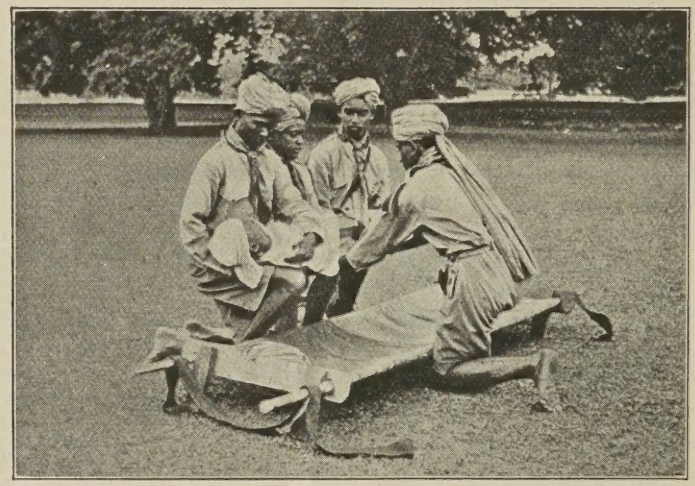
Half-a-dozen heads craned themselves round to look; and the master, who was also a Scoutmaster, stepped quickly to the window to see for himself. Instantly his face grew grave.

"My word, you're right, Gopal," he said, "it's a pukka fire, and a bad one, too. There's no mistaking that great pillar of smoke. And the villagers will all be out at work in the fields. We must get a move on."

Like magic his hand went to his whistle; and in a few seconds from the sound of the fire alarm, two patrols of Scouts were alert and ready for action, some from this class-room, some from others.

Off they went at the trot through the rice-fields, for there wasn't a moment to lose. Soon they came in sight of the village,

where the roofs of the houses, thatched with palmyra-palm, were burning like strawstacks. Many of them were past saving now, but the Scouts were just in time to rescue one or two bedridden people from them, and also, by isolating the flames, to prevent the fire from spreading to the other houses ; by dint of hard work they got the fire under control before long.



Indian Scouts practising for emergencies

It was a grimy party that returned to the school that night—sweat and soot had turned their faces from brown to black. But they were astonishingly happy. The owners of the saved houses, who had been summoned to the village, had almost overwhelmed them with gratitude. It was a star " good turn " that the Scouts had been able to do. Besides, they had got off two hours of school !

* * * * * *

We have struck another stretch of the world-wide scout-trail,

perhaps the most important bit. For India is a land where three hundred millions of people are fellow-citizens with ourselves in the British Empire.

India to-day is calling loudly for an increase in self-government. You can hear that call in the daily papers; you will hear it still more loudly if you talk to any Indian in person.

Most of all, India needs to-day fuller training in that building up of character which will *make men*, Indian men, capable of leading her many peoples into their great future.

How can she get such training better than through the Scout Movement, and all it offers? For the Scout Movement, and the Guide Movement too, are teaching Indians of all castes and classes to stand together, shoulder by shoulder, and to work for the good of all.

Now some of the Christian missionaries who are working in Indian schools, to help boys to grow up into Christian men, are among the pioneer Scoutmasters in India to-day.

Listen to this record of a year's work done by a scout troop in the south of India. It was started by a missionary only a few years ago. It speaks for itself. The report is written by their present Indian Scoutmaster, to whom the leadership has been wisely handed on by the missionary, who is now acting as District Commissioner:—

Proficiency Badges.—We have made a remarkable progress this year in earning Proficiency Badges for Ambulance, Pathfinder, Public Health-man, Cyclist, Swimmer, Rescuer, and Basket-maker. We have already won sixteen Proficiency Badges. Some Scouts are ready to be examined in Signalling, Athlete, Textile Worker, Cook, Musician, Herbalist, Health-man, and Gardener.

Good Turns.—The troop has many good turns to its credit, such as saving drowning persons, helping in festivals, rendering first-aid in accidents, etc. We mean to open a Red Cross station in January, with a view to having greater scope for social service.

King's Scout Badge.—It is with pleasure we mention that we have two leaders in the persons of T. P. Srinivasan and Solomon

Gnaniah, who have qualified themselves both for King's Scout Badge and All Round Cord.

Conclusion.—In conclusion, the work and progress of the last year have been, on the whole, steady and satisfactory. We do not always find our way smooth, and *amidst difficulties and failures we have carried on the work smiling, having as our goal the building up of such citizens as our country needs.*

How is that for the record of a troop only four years old? It will bear comparison with a good many British troops, won't it?

* * * * * *

The World-Wide Scout Brotherhood

But you must not imagine that Indian Scouts think only of their own country. They have a wider outlook than that. Hear what the Indian boy Srinivasan, previously mentioned, who is a King's Scout, says in an essay on "The Usefulness of Scouting," for which he won a prize in competition with others. He himself is a patrol leader :—

The Scout Movement, which has become a world-wide one, forms *the golden link* which connects one nationality with another. We can picture a glorious future before us, the like of which has not been found in the annals of humanity. Feuds and warfares are unwelcome things always, and the whole world clamours for perpetual peace. It is gratifying to note that scouting contributes its quota for the attainment of this universal peace. *A Scout is a brother to every other Scout,* and treats him as one of his kith and kin, no matter to what class, colour, or creed the other belongs, and *thus a world brotherhood is established and fostered.* Wherever the Scout goes, he has brothers to welcome him, and to extend to him the right hand of sympathy and fellow feeling.

Scouting is thus not only beneficial to the individual but also to the whole world; and we can truthfully say that it

"Rings in the love of Truth and Right;
Rings in the common love of good."

That's not a bad ideal for British Scouts to keep before them, is it ?

But if you are a Christian Scout, or trying to be one, you are bound to work hard for the world-wide Scout brotherhood. A few months ago, at a moonlight picnic camp in South India, in which Scouts from several troops took part, one of the Scoutmasters set those present a competition to be attempted by any who liked. The object of the competition was to show that a true Scout will find in Christ his best example. The answers were to be given entirely in words taken from the New Testament. This competition was keenly entered into by quite a number of Scouts, and the answers showed that a great deal of thought and study had been given to it. Have *you* ever tried to read your New Testament to see how much of the Scout spirit is copied straight from the life of Christ ? You will not read very far without finding that to be a Christian means to pass on the good news to other people. Above all, it means taking a real live interest in the boys, whether Scouts or not, of other races, for *Jesus Christ is the "Friend of all,"* and you cannot be His friend without being a friend of those in other nations who look to you for your friendship. In your name missionaries, among others, are trying to forge the "golden link" of Christian brotherhood between our British race and the races across the seas. Will you help them, as they try to carry out for you "a world-wide good turn" ?

There are some practical suggestions on the next page. Perhaps you can talk them over with your Scoutmaster, or have a "Court of Honour" to discuss them. But get a move on, and do something !

HOW BRITISH SCOUTS CAN BE "FRIENDS TO ALL" IN OTHER RACES

By Linking Troops.—Links can be formed by correspondence, exchange of photos, etc., between a single Scout, or a Patrol or Troop in Britain, and a Scout, or Patrol or Troop in India, Africa, China, or elsewhere. Details of the scheme will be given by the "Commissioner for Oversea Scouts," at Scout Head-quarters, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1, or by the Secretary for Boys' Work, Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, E.C. 4.

By Gaining Knowledge.—Scouts can find out a great deal about peoples in other countries, especially those within the empire. The missionary societies of every Church produce special *books and magazines* of all kinds, which vividly describe the life of these people, the thrilling adventures of Christian missionaries, stories of Scouts, and news of the way in which these nations are being made our friends through Christianity. "A Chinese Scout" (2*s.* 3*d.*, post free) is a thrilling tale of scouting in China. The "Yarns on Heroes" (of all the great countries) are a series specially suited for Scoutmasters (1*s.* 1½*d.* each, post free); "Eastward Ho!" (illustrated, 1*d.* monthly, C.M S.); and "Outward Bound" (illustrated, 1*s.* monthly, of all stationers) are specially recommended; also "The Round World," for younger readers (C.M.S., illustrated, 1*d.* monthly). Lists or specimens of literature will be gladly sent by the Secretary for Boy Scouts, at C.M.S., or by the secretary of the missionary society of any Church.

Pictures of life in other lands, of foreign Scout Troops, or of groups of boys in Christian schools abroad, could be posted up in a troop's head-quarters room.

By Leader's Talks.—*A regular talk* might be given in a "Scouts' Own," or as a "yarn" on other occasions along the

lines covered by the literature mentioned. Or a *lantern lecture* can be delivered on any country. The missionary societies lend, free of charge, sets of slides and printed lectures to go with them. There are slides of Scouts in China, Africa, and India.

By Performance of Missionary Scenes.—A first-rate missionary scene has been written by Mr. P. B. Nevill, Assistant Commissioner for Rovers, called "The Doctor and the Outlaw" (C.M.S., 5*d.*, post free), a vivid dramatization of Dr. Pennell's adventures on the North-West Frontier. Other scenes are in course of preparation.

By Raising Funds for Missions.—Many Scout Troops are doing this. Some have given an evening concert or entertainment, or presented a missionary play, or kept a missionary box in their Patrol, or made articles (fretwork, leather work, toys, etc.) for sale at a missionary stall in their church bazaar. (The book, "What Shall We Make?" published by C.M.S. at 1*s.* 2*d.*, post free, is full of suggestions for this purpose.) This can be done as work for a badge. Other Scouts have made bandages or other hospital necessities and sent them to a mission hospital abroad. Often, through the money raised, a special bed in such a hospital is supported by, and named after, the Troop at home. Or a "£5 share" in a mission station or hospital may be taken. In such cases, regular news from abroad is received by the Troop about the object they are supporting.

By Prayer.—In the Troop prayers, there could be regular remembrance of Scouts of other races and their needs, and of Christian missionaries and Christian boys, especially in cases where definite work is supported.

Further suggestions and information will gladly be offered by the Secretary for Boys' Work, at the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, E.C. 4, or by the secretary of the missionary society of any Church.

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